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The Lover's harmony

Seven Dials [London]

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THE

LOVER'S HARMONY,

BEING AN ENTIRE

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OF THE MOST ADMIRED SONGS,

SUNG AT ALL THE PUBLIC PLACES OF

AMUSEMENT.

No. 42.] CONTENTS.

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PAGINATION BEGINS

NANCY'S LOVE FOR A HANDSOME SERJEANT.

You pretty maidens give attention,
Unto what I shall lay down,
I'll tell you of a comely damsel,
Who lately dwelt in Plymouth town.
She fell in love with a handsome serjeant, (know,
A gay light horseman as you shall
She says, it is my inclination,
Abroad with you I mean to go.

He says, my dear, there is great danger,
Before we can cross the raging sea,
If I should be slain in the field of battle
To you a great grief it will be,
You will be left in a foreign country,
No friends perhaps you'll find at all,
Besides, my dear, there is great danger,
You may be slain by a cannon ball,

She said, my dear, pray let me go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear,
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
And boldly enter a volunteer,
I am a girl that fears no danger,
I'll boldly fight with sword in hand,
And when engaged in the field of battle
I'll always be at your command.

The serjeant then he gazed on her,
To see her melting tears so free,
My Nancy, dear, you shall go with me,
Because your love's so true to me;
You shall go then to plough the ocean,
While I have life I'll be true to thee,
Pray God protect all valiant soldiers,
That fight for king and country.

So Nancy's gone like a valiant soldier,
With her light horseman to plough the main,
She has left her friends and all relations
Behind her now for to complain;
The regiment is bound for Holland,
To steer their course across the main
He said, sweet Nancy, don't be daunted,
For constant to you I'll remain.

WHEN FIRST I WENT TO SEA.

Oh! well do I remember still,
When I first went to sea,
I was a merry laughing boy,
As happy as could be;
I longed to lead a sailor's life,
Amid the true and brave,
And my bosom felt as buoyant,
And as bounding as the wave.

Since then I've seen strange sights and scenes,
But none have struck my mind,
Like when I saw a tall ship first—
Her wings spread to the wind;
I've roved for many a night and day,
In gloominess and glee,
But never did I once regret,
When first I went to sea.

I've seen the waves around me dash,
When man could not avail,
I've heard the winds and seen them rend,
To tatters every sail.
I've faced my death a thousand times,
But Providence was good,
And I for years and years the storms,
And tempests have withstood.

Yet I have seen the angry waves,
Like giants in their might,
O'erwhelm the best and bravest hearts,
And bear them from my sight;
But oh! I do not seek for change,
The scene whate'er it be,
For never did I once regret,
When first I went to sea.

Oh! I have kept the midnight watch,
Beneath a starry sky,
And listened to the legends wild,
That landsmen so descry;
For on the deep and mystic sea,
There is a sacred spell,
That none but sailors know and fear,
And none but them can tell.

I care not, they may scoff at us,
Who safe in harbour sleep,
But ne'er can he forget his God,
Who dwells upon the deep.
A moment and his dwelling place,
The sailor's grave may be,
But never did I once regret
When first I went to sea.

WHITE &c
IN
9Ja LOVAX

THOMAS AND NANCY.

The boatswain's shrill whistle had sounded,
And Thomas and Nancy must part;
Her heart in her bosom it bounded,
While tears in her blue eyes did start
"O Thomas, dear Thomas," said Nancy,
"When sailing away on the main,
O never forget your dear Nancy,
Remember, my love, you are mine."

O Nancy, my love, I must leave you,
The signal for sailing is made,
One parting, dear, let it not grieve you,
Nor that I should prove false be afraid
He press'd her again ere they parted,
Then stepped to his boat from the shore— (ed,
Nancy sunk on the ground broken heart-
For fear she should ne'er see him more.

The vessel flew swift o'er the billow,
Like a sea-bird she breasted the foam
And Thomas when laid on his pillow,
Thought of Nancy, his parents, and home.
He press'd on his heart each love token,
And vowed to be constant and true
The words that at parting she had spoken,
Be constant, dear Thomas—adieu.

The ship made her port, and returning,
Scudded fast o'er the treacherous main,
Each bosom with ardour was burning,
To see his lov'd country again;
A storm rose with loud peals of thunder
The lightning flash'd o'er the waves,
When a rock dash'd the vessel asunder,
And the crew found a watery grave.

To the beach Nancy franticly hurried,
And beheld a most pitiful scene,
The corps of her Thomas was carried,
To the spot where so happy they'd been;
She kiss'd his cold cheek in her sorrow,
The tears told the depth of her grief,
And 'ere the sun set on the morrow,
Death gave to poor Nancy relief.

'Neath the shade of the willow that's weeping,
Beside the old church in the vale,
In one grave these fond lovers are sleeping,
Where sorrow nor care can assail:
And maidens, when day has departed,
Throw flowers to deck the cold grave,
Of Nancy, the fond and true hearted,
And Thomas, her lover so brave.

THE CRASH! OR THE MEETING OF THE STEAM ARM AND CORK LEG.

Two comical stories your smiles have won,
The Cork Leg had a most capital run,
But (because it would not be outdone.)
The Steam arm was raised and struck every one! Ri too ral, &c.

The skeletons travelled the world so fast
Through countries none before had pass'd,
Their limbs were from their bodies cast,
And their owners sank to rest at last.
Ri too ral, &c.

But these two members when brought into play, (say,
To be stopp'd in vain were tried they
And, as round the world they hurried away, (day.
By chance they happen'd to meet t'other
Ri too ral, &c.

The leg shook hands with the arm in delight, polite!
The arm found the leg in toe-toe, (to-to)
So to travel together they did unite,
And off they started with forty-horse might! Ri too ral, &c.

They ran 'gainst a ship that was on the rocks, (knocks:
The steam arm gave it some terrible
It soon was released by the mighty shocks, (docks.
And the Cork Leg kick'd it into the
Ri too ral, &c.

They travell'd by land, by sea, and by air, (country fair:
Till they happen'd to pass through a
How it made the bumpkins gape and stare, while there!
To see the mad pranks they play'd
Ri too ral, &c.

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The Arm smashed every thing left and
right, (quite :
Shows, toys, and booths, demolished
The Leg kept running about in the
fright, (of sight !
And kick'd every thing it came near out
Ri too ral, &c.

Away they went with a bound and a hop
Their mad career nought seem'd to stop,
Till they both tumbled into a carpen-
ter's shop,
Who both into a strong box did pop,
Ri too ral, &c.

To bury them off they set with a grin,
You'd have thought they'd Bartlemy
fair within :
For the arm and the leg they kick'd up
such a din,
'Twas a difficult matter to keep them in.
Ri too ral, &c.

At length the bearers had finished their
route, (flew out.
When, crash went the lid and the arm
Down went the clerk, who for help did
shout, (about.
While the cork leg kick'd the sexton
Ri too ral, &c.

The grave diggers swore 'twas too bad
by half, (any chaff,
So they sieze'd on the leg, and without
It danc'd all about and made the folks
laugh, (to the calf.
With the grave diggers both hanging on
Ri too ral, &c.

But coming too near with this frisky
trick, (pick,
Steam arm felt inclined a quarrel to
So hit the cork leg a deuce of a lick,
Which the Leg returned with a furious
kick. Ri too ral, &c

But now of their pranks they had play'd
the worst, (first,
With lightning speed each tried to get
Against the steam arm the cork leg
thrust, (both were burst.
Bang ! bang ! went the members and
Ri too ral, &c.

'Twas like a vast earthquake said to be,
And shook the poor fish as they swam in
the sea,
I hope there'll no more such members be,
And trust there's no (h) Arm in my
L E G (Elegy.) Ri too ral, &c.

A WOMAN IS THE PRIDE OF THE LAND.

Come, married and single, together pray
mingle, (late,
And listen awhile to those lines I re-
You that single have tarried make haste
and get maried, (late.
For fear you should loiter until its too
No pleasure can be in a life fond of ro-
ving, (hand in hand
Young men take a partner and join
There is no mortal thing that can equal
a woman, (of the land.
For a woman is the joy and the pride

A virtuous woman to man is a jewel,
No matter what rakes or what repro-
bates say,
When I look on a woman I think of my
mother, (say.
The sex I adore, now believe what I
A man that is married is blessed with all
comfort, (they stand,
He looks on his children as round him
No man can live happy unless with a
woman, (of the land.
For a woman's the joy and the pride

When a young man his wages receives,
to the ale-house, (roam.
His time for to squander away he will
Carousing and drinking, and gaming
and swearing, (him at home,
Because there's no comfort to keep
His spirits depress him, he's no wife to
caress him, (derstand,
The pleasure of life he does not un-
Then consider there's nothing can equal
a woman, (of the land.
For a woman's the joy and the pride

When a man that is married returns
from his labour, (are done,
His victuals are ready and all things
With his children in comfort he sits at
the table, (she will run ;
And whatever he wants for, his wife
His linen is clean, and his bed is got
ready,

Every comfort is brought and put into his hand,
That man is an ass that will frown on a woman, (of the land
For a woman's the joy and the pride
A man that is single with harlots will mingle, (he will roam,
And like a tom cat through the night
Like a ship in full motion that is tossed on the ocean, (at home
No comfort abroad, and no pleasure
No one to condole him, no wife to console him, (derstand,
In sickness to cherish him, none un-
You that single have tarried make haste and get married,
For a woman's the joy and the pride of the land.
There is many a man will speak ill of a woman, (in the wrong
And call her vile names when she's not
Backbite her and slander, and reprimand her, (long;
And say that her tongue is a little too
Then see if that man from his wife should be parted,
In a very short time how his head down would hang,
How he wish for the time with his wife he'd pass'd over, (of the land.
Crying, woman's the joy and the pride
So now to conclude and to finish my story, (through life,
You men that would happily travel
You that single do tarry, why speedily marry, (your wives;
And you that are married be true to
Then like birds of a feather united together, (hand in hand,
Till death do you part, will you walk
Here's a health to a woman, the glory of nature, (of the land.
For a woman's the joy and the pride

THE HIGHLAND LAD.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the clan,
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman,
With his bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
With claymore down by his side,.
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey my braw, &c.
This lovely youth of whom I sing,
He is fitting for to be a king;
Upon his breast he wears a star,
You would think he was a god of war.
Sing hey my braw, &c.

MY CHARMING YOUNG BETSEY THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

At eve when the sun's to the westward reclining, (tion above.
And leaves each bright star to its station above.
To assist the pale moon who refulgently shining, (I love.
Invites me to seek for the girl that
Then my heart throbs within me enraptured to meet her
Not a thought of the time that compels us to part,
With a lover's soft sigh and a kiss too I greet her, (my heart
And press to my bosom the girl of

CHORUS.

Oh, my lovely young Betsey, my charming young Betsey, (heart,
My lovely young Betsey the girl of my
Though the foul tongue of slander to part us endeavour,
And while envy and malice upon them attend,
Let them know that our hearts are so firm knit together,
That death, only death, can accomplish their end.
Then cease your upbraidings, in vain 'tis you threaten, (impart,
For once let your bosoms compassion
Since fate has decree'd 'tisvain to oppose it, (girl of my heart.
Soon Hymen shall bless me with the
My lovely, &c.
Oh haste happy day I await thee with pleasure, (meet,

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

When Betsy and I at the altar shall meet,
Then I'll envy not princes tho' rolling in treasure, (as the great
For love dwells with others as well
Fly, fly, lazy time, fly, ye slow gliding hours, (never to part,
Haste the day that unites us, ah!
'Tis not grandeur I covet but grant me ye powers, (my heart.
Content and dear Betsey the girl of My lovely, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring
Invites the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble through the spray
Love melts the universal lay;
Let us amend, be timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Endermay.

Soon wears the summer of the year,
And love like winter will appear,
Like this your lovely bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
Our feather'd songsters charm no more
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With blooming herds and flocks abound
The wanton herds and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice,
Le tus now like them sing and play,
About the birks of Endermay.

Hark! how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call,
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance,
Let us as jovial be as they,
Among the birks of Endermay.

MR. GRIG, AND MISS SNAP, OR BUBBLE, SQUEAK, AND PETTITOES.

There was one Mr. Grig,
Wore a cauliflower wig,
And a wooing he went with his set o toes,
To one Miss Sukey Snap,
Who wore a high caul cap,
And was monstrously fond of pig's pettitoes.
Week! week! Fol lol de ra.

In her favour to get,
He sent her a set,
And to ask him to sup with Miss Snap, Betty goes;
And likewise to bespeak,
Some nice bubble and squeak,
For he loved that as well as she lov'd pettitoes.
Week! week! fol lol de ra.

Ere to sup they began,
Mrs. Betty for fun,
Sneezing powder to put in the pepper chose,
Mr. Grig was caught and sneezed,
Saying—Chih!—I hope you're pleased, (with the pettitoes!
With the—Chih!—with the Chih—
Chih! Ckih! fol lol de ra.

I vow, sir, says she,
Nothing better can be,
Than—Chih!—Chih! Chih! He! he!
Betty goes.
How's the bubble and squeak,
He for sneezing could'nt speak,
'Till he sneez'd off his wig among the pettitoes.
Week! week! fol lol de ra.

Sneezing, nodding went Miss Snap,
'Till the candle caught her cap,
And to put out the flame some water Betty throws,
In vain, 'till Mr. Grig,
On her noddle clapp'd his wig,
Which was soaked in the gravy of the pettitoes.
Week! week! fol lol de ra.

Thus poor Mr. Grig,
Spoilt his cauliflower wig,
And Miss Snap lost her cap, what a set o'woes,
For the house-dog in the freak,
Boned the bubble and squeak,

And Pussy ran away with the pettitoes.
Mieau! Bow, wow, &c.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

But are ye sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's weel,
Is this a time to speak o' work,
Make haste, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house,
When our gude man's awa,

Is this a time to think of work,
When Colin's at the door,
Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot,
Get little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday hat.
There's nae luck, &c.

And make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw,
It's a' to pleasure our gude man,
He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There's two fat hens in this crib,
Has fed this month and mair,
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare,
There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet
My bishop satin gown,
And then gae tell the bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings of pearl blue,
And a' to pleasure our gude man,
For he's baith leal and true.
There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath like cauler air,
His very tread has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
There's nae luck, &c.

And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak,
I'm downright dizzy with the tho't
In troth I'm like to greet,
There's nae luck, &c,

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas at night when the bell had toll'd twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow
In her ear whisper'd some fleeting elve,
Your love is now toss'd on a billow,
Far, far at sea!

All was dark as she woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy which painted her lover
Far, far at sea!

So she whisper'd a prayer, clos'd her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow,
Whilst in terror she echo'd his cries,
As struggling he sunk in a billow,
Far, far at sea.

I DO AS I LIKE WITH MY SWAIN.

I do as I will with my swain,
He never once thinks I am wrong,
He likes me so well on the plain,
I please him so well with my song;
A song is the shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day,
He's sorry when comes the dull night,
That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress
He ask'd me to soothe him the while,
My voice set his mind all at rest
And the shepherd would instantly smile;
Since when'er in mead or in grove,
By his flocks on the clear river side,
I sing my best song to my love,
For to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
No treasure of nature or art,
But my voice that gain'd on his ear,
Soon found out the way to his heart;
To try if my voice would not please,

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

He took me to join in the throng,
I won the rich prize with all ease,
And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not your jealousy raise,
I wish to enchant but my swain,
Enough then for me his is praise,
I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,
And your shepherds elude all your skill,
Your sweetness and song may prevail,
And gain all your swains to your will.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works both late and early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then, he takes it cheerly;
Blest with a smiling can of grog,
If duty calls, stand, rise or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog,
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with his wish,
To heave the lead,
Or the cat head,
The pond'rous anchor fish.
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man.
We sing a little, and laugh a little, and work a little, and sweat a little and fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

In howling winds and roaring seas,
We view the storm our hearts at ease
For Jack's to fear a stranger,
Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below,
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high,
Spite of the gale
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck,
To clear some wreck
To give the ship relief;
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man, We sing, &c.

But yet think not [illegible]se is hard,
Tho' storms at sea [illegible] treat us,
For coming home a sweet reward.
With smiles our sweethearts greet us
Our amo'rous toast,
Her we love most,
And gaily sing and laugh,
The sails we furl,
Then for each girl
The petticoat display,
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey.
And then the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man.
We sing, &c.

BONNIE CHARLEY.

O dearly do I love to rove,
Among the fields of barley,
'Twas there that Charley told his love,
The blythe, the winsome Charley;
Then he so su'd, and he so woo'd,
And marriage was the parley,
What could I do but buckle too,
With bonny, bonny, bonny Charley.

CHORUS.

O my bonny, bonny boy, bonny Charley
O my bonny, bonny boy, my bonny Charley.

I ken the lasses rue the day,
I sought the fields of barley,
And strive to win from me away,
The heart of winsome Charley;
But lah! how vain, they cannot gain,
His love, by all their parley,
And now they see he woos but me,
My bonny, bonny Charley.

O ilka blessing on the laird,
That owns the fields of barley,
And ken I him alone regard,
For his winsome Charley;
The genteel youth, with purest truth,
So woos me late and early,
I cannot withstand to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.

Pitts, Printer, and Toy Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.